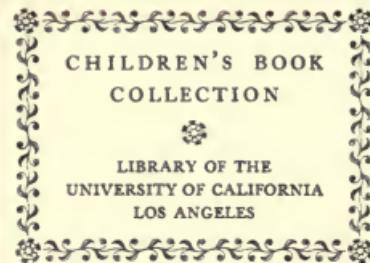


POEMS
FOR
CHILDREN
BY
MRS. SIGOURNEY.

C Henry



charact H





Charles A. Hensler.



POEMS FOR CHILDREN.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.



"Poetry holds children from their play,
And old men from the chimney-corner."

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

HARTFORD:
CANFIELD & ROBINS.

1836.

Entered according to act of Congress, A. D. 1835,
By CANFIELD & ROBINS,
in the Clerk's Office of the District of Connecticut.

P. CANFIELD....PRINT



PREFACE.

TO PARENTS.

IT is believed that Poetry might be made an important assistant to early education. It readily wins attention in the nursery. It wakes the mind from the dream that enwraps new-born existence,—as the song of the bird breaks the slumber of morning.

Perhaps, it is the native dialect of those powers that are earliest developed. In our care of infancy, we perceive that the heart is sooner a subject of discipline, than the understanding. Feeling and Fancy, put forth their

young perceptions, even before they are expected,—and Poetry, more successfully than the severer sciences, bends a spray to their embrace, or a prop for their aspirings.

Even first intercourse with the mind, may be higher than that of amusement. Coming into the nursery as it does, with the voice of song, it need not confine itself to unmeaning carols, or useless echoes. It may be as the sun-beam fitting the newly-broken soil for the future toil of the culturer. By quickening the intellect, and furnishing a pleasant aliment for memory,—it leads to that inquisitive research, which, next to application, secures proficiency in more laborious departments of knowledge.

But its principal affinity is with the heart. Its power of creating tender and indelible impressions has not always been fully apprecia-

ted. This renders it a most valuable adjunct, in moral and religious instruction. It is the natural ally of the mother. It comes with her, into the field, while the dews of morning are fresh,—and ere the tares have sprung up to trouble the good seed. Taking precedence of other Teachers,—it brings the listening infant, “sweet words of sweetly-uttered knowledge.” It bespeaks the love of the cradle-sleeper, for the God and Father of us all;—and walking hand in hand with the child, amid the charms and melodies of Nature,—teaches of a clime, where beauty never fades, and melody is eternal.

L. H. S.

Hartford, Dec. 1835.

CONTENTS.

	Page
Who made me ?	13
I must not tease my Mother	13
Morning Thoughts	15
Thoughts at Sunset	16
The Dove	17
Love to Brothers and Sisters	18
The Imprisoned Bird	19
Prayer at entering School	21
Respect to Age	22
Early Rising	23
The Garden	23
The Sabbath	25

	Page
The Grave of a Child	25
Baby's Note to a Baby, with a pair of Coral Brace- lets	26
Baby to a Baby, with a New Year's Present	28
Baby of six months old, to her neighbor on his second birth-day	32
Child of sixteen months old to a Cousin in Boston .	36
Little Girl two years old, to a little Boy on his re- moval to New-York	38
Little Girl to a little Girl with a basket of wild flowers	42
Little Girl to her friend, with a present of Rev. Mr. Gallaudet's "Book on the Soul"	43
Dialogue in the fields between a Mother and little Child	44
Hymn for the Children of an Orphan Asylum . . .	46
The Pet Lamb	47
The Bee and Butterfly	49
The Lady Bug and the Ant	51
The Dog	53

POEMS FOR CHILDREN.

“Who made me?”

He, who spread out the sky,
That broad, blue canopy ;
Who made the glorious sun,
The moon to shine by night,
The stars with eye so bright,
He made thee, little one.

He, who with care doth keep
The young birds while they sleep ;
And when their rest is done,
Doth guide them through the sky,
And feed them when they cry,
He made thee, little one.



I must not tease my Mother.

I must not tease my Mother ;
For she is very kind,

And every thing she says to me,
I must directly mind ;
For when I was a baby,
Her care both night and day,
While I was helpless and afraid,
I never can repay.

I must not tease my Mother ;
And when she likes to read,
Or has the head-ache, I will step
Most silently indeed ;
I must not choose a noisy play,
Nor trifling troubles tell,
But sit down quiet by her side,
And try to make her well.

I must not tease my Mother ;
I've heard dear father say,
When I was in my cradle sick,
She nurs'd me night and day.
And now she listens to my wants,
She gives me clothes and food,
And cheers me with a loving smile,
While trying to be good.

*I must not tease my Mother ;
 She loves me all the day,
 And she has patience with my faults,
 And teaches me to pray ;
 How much I'll strive to please her,
 She every hour shall see,
 For should she go away, or die,
 What would become of me ?*

Morning Thoughts.

Dark night away hath roll'd,
 Glad birds are soaring high,
 And see,—a ray like dazzling gold
 Comes darting from the sky.

How shall I thank the Power
 Whose hand sustains me so,
 And o'er each waking plant and flower
 Bids dews of mercy flow ?

Teach me to look above ;
 Receive my morning prayer,

And Father, in thy boundless love,
Make me, this day, thy care.

Thoughts at Sun-set.

The sun hath gone to rest,
The bee forsakes the flower,
The bird doth hasten to its nest
Within the leafy bower.

Where have I been this day ?
Into what follies run ?
Forgive me, Father, when I pray
Through Jesus Christ, thy Son.

When all my days are o'er,
And in the tomb I rest,
Oh, may my happy spirit soar
Up to a Saviour's breast.

The Dove.

There was a lonely ark,
That sail'd o'er waters dark ;
And wide around,
Not one tall tree was seen,
No flower, nor leaf of green,
All--all were drown'd.

Then a soft wing was spread,
And o'er the billows dread,
A meek dove flew ;
But on that shoreless tide
No living thing she spied,
To cheer her view.

There was no chirping sound
O'er that wide watery bound,
To soothe her wo ;
But the cold surges spread
Their covering o'er the dead,
That slept below.

So to the ark she fled,
 With weary, drooping head,
 To seek for rest ;
 Christ is thy ark, my love,
 Thou art the timid dove,—
 Fly to his breast.

Love to Brothers and Sisters.

I had a little friend,
 And every day he crept
 In sadness to his brother's tomb,
 And laid him down and wept.

And when I ask'd him why
 He mourn'd so long and sore ;
 He answer'd through his tears, “ because
 I did not love him more.

“ Sometimes I was not kind,
 And cross or coldly spake ;”
 And then he turn'd away, and sobb'd
 As though his heart would break.

Brothers and sisters are a gift
 Of mercy from the skies,
 And may I always think of this
 Whene'er they meet my eyes.

Be tender, good and kind,
 And love them in my heart,
 Lest I should sink with bitter grief
 When we are call'd to part.



The Imprisoned Bird.

There you hang in your cage,
 Up in the green tree,
 Looking as sad
 As a bird can be;

Gazing all day
 At your friends that fly,
 Singing so gaily,
 From earth to sky.

The bright butterflies,
And the beetles and bees,
Spread forth their light wings,
And sport where they please.

But there you sit
With a folded wing,
And a broken heart,
Tho' you try to sing.

Might I open your prison
And bid you go,
And build a nest
As you us'd to do,—

And see you soar
With a sparkling eye,
Abroad through the meadows
So joyfully,—

And hear you pouring
The song of the free,—
'T would be a great pleasure
Sweet bird ! to me.

Prayer at entering School.

Lord!—lead my heart to learn,
Prepare my ears to hear,
And let me useful knowledge seek
In thy most holy fear.

Oh, make me kindly treat
My dear companions, all,
Nor let me causeless anger feel,
Nor in temptation fall.

If unforgiven sin
Within my bosom lies,
Or evil motives linger there
To offend thy perfect eyes—

Remove them far away,
Inspire me with thy love,
That I may please thee here below,
And dwell with thee above.

Respect to Age.

When leaning on the staff,
Amid the crowded street,
With feeble step and wrinkled face,
Some aged form I meet.

However poor and weak,
Or ignorant and low,
I must respect those hoary hairs,
For God has told me so.

I love to see the hair
All venerably grey ;
A crown of glory 't is to those
Who walk in Wisdom's way.

I love the reverend head,
With years and honors white,
'T is like the ripen'd fruit of heav'n,
And angels bless the sight.

Early Rising.

Are my flowers awake,
 That so sweet were sleeping ?
 See,—they lift their heads,
 Dewy tear-drops weeping.

Has the bee come forth ?
 At her work she's singing,
 To her busy hive
 Honied treasures bringing.

Is the linnet up ?
 Hark ! his song he raises ;
 Let me join him too,
 With my morning praises.

11. *The Garden.*

Come, dear little friend,
 To the garden we'll go,

I 've water'd my rose-plants,
Come see how they grow.

The first one that blossoms,
My mother's must be,
For as I watch these rose-buds,
She watch'd over me.

Here, here are some pinks,
For your bosom and hair,
'T is the pencil of Heaven
That hath dy'd them so fair.

How thick the young violets
Spring up at our feet ;
Let us love the kind hand
That hath made them so sweet.

Is it time for our school ?
Then we'll thither repair,
And the smile of our teachers
Will welcome us there.

The Sabbath.

The best of the days has come,
 The day our Creator blest,
 And set an example to mark its hours
 By a sweet and holy rest.

'Tis a day to blessed thought
 And happy feelings given,
 A day to study that Blessed Book
 Which shows the way to Heaven.

'Tis a day to hear of God,
 Of angels and saints above,
 A day to learn how to fit our souls
 For their company of love.

13. The Grave of a Child.

Come, see the grassy bed
 Where our companion lies,
 And, 'mid your tears, remember well,
 His buried dust shall rise.

The seed that sown in earth,
 Is hidden from the eye,
 At length puts forth the leaf, the bud,
 The flower of radiant dye.

When wintry storms are past,
 Spring decks the verdant tree,
 And at the resurrection morn,
 Such shall his rising be.



*Baby's note to a Baby, with a pair of
 coral bracelets.*

Dear little Ann,
 I hope you can
 These bracelets wear,
 And that you will
 Remember still
 Whose gift they are.

They 're very plain,
 For to be vain
 I don't approve,

Proud babies sure
 Few could endure,
 And fewer love.

You're handsome, dear,
 They tell me here,
 But when you call
 To visit me,
 You'll quickly see
 I'm not at all.

Tho' I've thick hair,
 No caps I wear,
 (Nurse says 'tis lawful)—
 My face is brown,~~at~~
 And when I frown,~~at~~
 'T is truly awful.

You'll think I'm bold,
 Not six weeks old,
 To send this letter;
 You're twice my age,
 And I'll engage
 Can write much better.

So, when you 've leisure,
 'T will give me pleasure,
 Your notes to see ;
 Some grave advice,
 Or precept wise,
 Pray send to me.

Baby to a Baby, with a New-Year's Present.

'T is New-Year's day,
 The people say,
 Kind notes they frame,
 And presents send,
 So I, my friend,
 Will do the same.

I think I must
 Write you the first,
 Because you see
 My age is four
 Whole months and more,
 And yours but three.

You've talents great
 For church or state,
 I often hear,
 But don't be vain,
 Wise men are plain,
 And meek, my dear.

When thought asleep,
 I sometimes peep
 My cradle o'er,
 And slyly turn
 My ear and learn
 Some curious lore.

A doctor grave,
 Who lives can save,
 I thus espied ;
 And when Nurse blam'd
 And loudly sham'd
 All babes who cried,

He said 't was better
To lay no fetter
Upon the lungs,
To expand the chest
Was surely best
By use of tongues.

Such precepts rare,
I lock'd with care
Close in my breast,
Don't you think, John,
To act upon
His plan is best ?

If chains that bind
The free-born mind
Make men rebel,
Can strict restraint
On all complaint
Please *babies* well ?

With whisker'd chin
When guests come in,
To me they fly,
And grasp me tight,
Until with fright,
I 'm forc'd to cry.

"Tis surely rude
Thus to intrude
On ladies fair,
Do let me know
To treat *you* so,
If people dare.

To send with this
A New-Year's kiss
To Margaret fair,
Who's three years old,
And wise I'm told,
I hardly dare.

But mind, my friend,
 I do not send,
A kiss to you,
 To grant a beau
 Such gifts, you know
 Would never do.

Now John, farewell,
 For truth to tell,
 To eat and doze,
 So takes my time
 I scarce can rhyme
 Or write in prose.



*Baby of six months old, to her neighbour on his
 second birth-day.*

The rolling earth
 Your day of birth,
 Brings fair and fleeting,

And as a friend
I long to send
My simple greeting.

Yet almost fear
To have you hear
My poor inditing,
Your critic smile
Must scorn my style
Of baby-writing.

Six months have shed
Upon my head
But little knowledge,
While you are fit
In sense and wit
To enter college.

My mother said
The map you'd spread
And shew with ease,

All the globe boasts,
Realms, isles and coasts,
And lakes and seas.

That you'd describe
The four-legged tribe
Both great and small,
Both wild and tam'd
That Adam nam'd
In Eden, all.

Years, at this rate
Will make you great,
Or I'm mistaken,
Perhaps with Locke,
The crowd you'll mock
Or shine like Bacon.

With Franklin's zeal
The lightning steal,
And chain its rage,

Or nobly write
Your name like Dwight,
On Heaven's own page.

Our sex I'm told
Are formed to hold
A lower place,
Our powers of mind
Being far behind
Your lordly race.

I've understood
That "household-good"
Was our employment,
To cook and mend,
And babies tend,
Our chief enjoyment.

"Tis very well,
I shan't rebel,
And when I grow,

Shall like to make
Nice pies and cake,
And share also.

But now good bye,
'Tis time that I
Your patience spare,
May you each day
In love repay
A parent's care.



Child of sixteen months old to a Cousin in Boston.

My Cousin, dear,
I almost fear
To write to you ;
So rare your wit
'T is surely fit,
My words be few.

Your native coast
 Has much to boast
 Of glorious name ;
 Both ancient lore
 And modern store
 Uphold its fame.

Your'e proud, I fear,
 In Boston, dear ;
 I wish you would
 Just come and share
 Our country fare,
 T' would do you good.

Our rustic ways
 And boisterous plays
 Perhaps might fright you ;
 But the sweet birds
 And lambs, and herds
 Must sure delight you.

Pray give with this
 A Christmas kiss
 To aunties, three ;
 And love to all,
 Both great and small,
 Who think of me.

'T is time that I
 My cradle try,
 Nurse takes the light,
 And strains her ken,
 To snatch my pen,
 So love, *good night.*



*Little Girl two years old, to a little Boy on his removal to
 New-York.*

You go, I'm told,
 This winter cold,
 A journey, sir,

Pray shun the blast,
 And travel fast,
 Wrap'd close in fur.

I'm sorry too,
 To part with you,
 Your courteous care
 At infant school,
 Next summer cool,
 I hop'd to share.

My wish to go,
 I do not know
 But they'll refuse,
 Is it not shame
 My age should claim
 No right to choose ?

Twice has the sphere
 Roll'd round the year,
 Since I saw light ;

Yet all my skill
To have my will,
Has fail'd outright.

I marvel why
You wish to try
A city life ;
Pleas'd as you were
With rural care,
And free from strife.

Manners and men
You'd better ken
Among the throng ;
But the young breast
Is nurtur'd best
Mid Nature's song.

I've heard that those
Who pass for beaux,
In lofty stations,

Oft treat with scorn
Friends country-born,
And poor relations.

Don't patronize
Things so unwise,—
But should I come
Don't turn away,—
And bid them say
: You're not at home :

No, don't forget
How oft we've met
In Nurse's arms,
When glad and free,
You crow'd at me,
And prais'd my charms.

Little Girl to a little Girl, with a basket of wild flowers.

You have green-house plants, I hear,
Of rare and splendid tints, my dear,
And though I've no such gifts to send,
Yet anxious still to be your friend,
These wild flowers from my father's grove,
I send with messages of love.
If you think them rude and poor,
Born in tangled dells obscure,
Yet a microscope would show
Colours like the showery bow,
Hidden cells, where pure and free
Springs the nectar for the bee,
Graceful forms and radiant dye
From the pencil of the sky.

Now my simple errand's told,
For as I am but three years old,
Letter brief, and scanty line,
Best become a hand like mine.

*Little Girl to her friend, with a present of the Rev.
Mr. Gallaudet's "Book of the Soul."*

Unless my mother guides my hand,
I cannot write, you know.
But such a tide of tender thought
Does round your image flow,
I fain must send one simple scroll
With this sweet *book about the Soul.*

'T is written by a learned man,
And though the size is small,
Its subject is a boundless one,
And much concerns us all,
Because the soul can ne'er decay,
When this frail body fades away.

I've never seen this volume's power
At all surpast, my dear,
For making hidden mysteries plain,
And abstract matters clear,
Pray, let it have the highest place,
Your chosen library to grace.

I often of your sister think,
 That early smitten flower,
 Who gave her soul so cheerfully
 To God, in life's last hour :
 Oh, may we meet her when we die,
 In yonder, bright, unclouded sky.

Dialogue in the fields, between a Mother and little Child.

Come forth,—come forth, 'tis the time of joy,
 Bright summer is out, in the vales, my boy,
 Through its lillied bed, see the clear brook glide,
 And the white lamb sport by its mother's side,
 See the butterfly spread out a golden wing,
 And the bees to the honey blossoms sing,
 And the grasshopper leap 'mid the new-mown hay,
 So we, my child, will be happy as they.

Sweet words
 Speak the birds
 From the tree ;

Mother ! teach
Their speech
Unto me..

Of *love* they sing when they build their nest,
Of *love* when they soar o'er the mountain's breast,
Or nurture their young in their green retreat,
This makes their music to us so sweet.
And who can say but their warblings rise
To our Father's ear in yon beautiful skies ?
Yet nobler, boy, than their highest lays,
Is the language of man, and the voice of praise.

Mother's eye,
Like the sky,
Shines bright ;
Such beams
To my dreams
Give light.

There's a smile on the earth and the waters mild,
For the heart of a good and a happy child,
And the sighing leaves on the wind-rock'd limb

Will lull him to sleep like a cradle hymn ;
While Nature, with pencil of rain-bow dye,
Writes the name of God for his waking eye.
Remember him, babe, ere thy day of care,
At morn, and at night, in thy simple prayer,
Breathe the incense of childhood, fresh and free,
And he in thine age will remember thee.

Hymn for the Children of an Orphan Asylum.

Not for our infant homes we pine,
Nor mourn a parent's care,
Adopted thus by christian love,
And nurtur'd as we are ;
Instructed from the ways of sin
To turn with cautious feet,
And taught how truth and goodness make
A lot of labor sweet.

Hail, bounteous friends ! who kindly guide
 Our steps in paths of peace,
 Ye ne'er shall be by us forgot,
 Till life and memory cease ;
 But daily, when we kneel in prayer,
 We 'll ask of Him above,
 To shed his blessing on your souls
 For all your deeds of love.

The Pet-Lamb.

My Lamb, where hast thou been
 Roaming abroad all day ?
 Cropping thy food in pastures green,
 Where the bright waters play ?
 But of the sunny vale
 Thou 'rt weary now, I see,
 So, thou may'st come and tell thy tale,
 And rest thy head on me.

I have been sporting too,
 Where spring my favorite flowers,
 Among the lilies fresh with dew,
 Among the vine-clad bowers,
 And by yon crystal stream,
 Where droops the willow tree,
 I sweetly slept, and had a dream,
 A pleasant dream of thee.

And music all around
 Was breathing when I woke,
 From nest, and branch, and rose-deck'd bound,
 And from my lips it broke.
 Why does thy bosom beat ?
 Hath aught disturb'd thy peace ?
 Dear Lamb ! have brambles torn thy feet,
 Or rent thy snowy fleece ?

Come ! I can soothe thy pain,
 If thou wilt tell me free,
 And lull thee with that cooing strain,
 The young Dove taught to me.

Thou by my side shalt run,
 Friend and companion dear,
 For since thou hast no evil done,
 What evil need'st thou fear ?



The Bee and Butterfly.

“Come, neighbour Bee,” said Butterfly,
 “And spend a merry hour,
 For cloudless is the summer sky,
 And fragrant every flower ;

The Humming-bird a party gives,
 Closed by a ball in state,
 A fashionable life she lives,
 I'll shew you to the fête.

Here is her card, she sent it down,
 She meant to call, no doubt,
 But knew your Queen was apt to frown,
 And you are always out.”

But to the Butterfly, the Bee
 Replied, with serious brow,
 "Suppose you work an hour with me,
 I'm not at leisure now.

By daily industry I live,
 Say, will you aid my task?
 And bear this pollen to the hive,
 If I do what you ask?

Perhaps you'd better toil a while
 For your own winter store,
 For Summer wears a fleeting smile,
 And Autumn's at the door."

"Good bye," the Butterfly rejoin'd,
 "You've grown a mope, I see,
 There's nothing hurts a brilliant mind,
 Like stupid industry."

And so, the Bee with cheerful care,
 Pursued on pinions light,
 Thro' the vast regions of the air,
 Her trackless path aright.

The tallest trees she ventured up,
 And scal'd the vine-clad wall,
 Singing and tasting every cup,
 But temperate in all.

One morn, as from her hallowed cell,
 'Mid Autumn's frost she sped,
 Beneath a flowret's wither'd bell
 The Butterfly lay dead.



The Lady-Bug and the Ant.

The Lady-Bug sat in the rose's heart,
 And smil'd with pride and scorn,
 As she saw a plain-drest Ant go by,
 With a heavy grain of corn ;
 So, she drew the curtains of damask round,
 And adjusted her silken vest,

Making her glass of a drop of dew
That lay in the Rose's breast.

Then she laugh'd so loud, that the Ant look'd up,
And seeing her haughty face,
Took no more notice, but travell'd on
At the same industrious pace :—
But a sudden blast of Autumn came,
And rudely swept the ground,
And down the rose with the Lady-Bug fell,
And scatter'd its leaves around.

Then the houseless Lady was much amaz'd,
For she knew not where to go,
And hoarse November's early blast
Had brought both rain and snow,—
Her wings were chill, and her feet were cold,
And she wish'd for the Ant's warm cell,—
And what she did when the winter came,
I'm sure I cannot tell.

But the careful Ant was in her nest,
 With her little ones by her side,
 She taught them all like herself to toil,
 Nor mind the sneer of pride,—
 And I thought, as I sat at the close of day,
 Eating my bread and milk,
 It was wiser to work and improve my time,
 Than be idle and dress in silk.

The Dog.

“*He will not come,*” said the gentle child,
 And she patted the poor dog’s head,
 And pleasantly call’d him, and fondly smil’d,
 But he heeded her not, in his anguish wild,
 Nor arose from his lowly bed.

‘Twas his master’s grave, where he chose to rest,
 He guarded it night and day;

The love that glow'd in his grateful breast,
For the friend that had fed, controll'd, caress'd,
Might never fade away.

And when the long grass rustled near,
Beneath some traveller's tread,
He started up with a quivering ear,
For he thought 'twas the step of that master dear,
Returning from the dead.

And sometimes, when a storm drew nigh,
And the clouds were dark and fleet,
He tore the turf with a mournful cry,
As if he would force his way, or die,
To his much lov'd master's feet.

So, there through the summer's heat he lay,
Till autumn nights were bleak ;
Till his eye grew dim with his hope's decay,
And he pin'd, and pin'd, and wasted away,
A skeleton gaunt and weak.

And pitying children often brought
 Their offerings of meat and bread,
 And to coax him away to their homes they sought,
 But his buried friend he ne'er forgot,
 Nor stray'd from his lonely bed.

Cold winter came with an angry sway,
 And the snow lay deep and sore ;
 And his moaning grew fainter day by day,
 Till there on the spot where his master lay,
 He fell, to rise no more.

And when he struggled with mortal pain,
 And death was by his side,
 With one loud cry that shook the plain,
 He call'd for his master, but all in vain,
 Then stretch'd himself and died.

War.

War is a wicked thing,
 It strikes the strong man dead,

And leaves the trampled battle-field
 With blood and carnage red,
 While thousand mangled forms
 In hopeless suffering bleed,
 And vultures and hyenas throng
 Upon their flesh to feed.

See with what bitter grief
 Those widowed ones deplore ;
 And children for their father mourn,
 Who must return no more.
 And aged parents sink
 In penury and despair,
 And sorrow dwells in many a home,—
 War makes the weeping there.

It comes with sins and woes,
 A dark and endless train,
 It fills the breast with murderous hate,
 Where Christian love should reign ;
 It desolates the land
 With famine, death and flame,

And those are in a sad mistake
 Who seek the warrior's fame.

Oh, may I guard my heart
 From every evil thing,
 From thoughts of anger and revenge,
 Whence wars and fightings spring.
 And may the plants of peace
 Grow up serene and fair,
 And mark me for a child of heaven,
 That I may enter there.

Difference of Color.

God gave to Afric's sons
 A brow of sable dye,
 And spread the country of their birth
 Beneath a burning sky,
 And with a cheek of olive, made
 The little Hindoo child,
 And darkly stain'd the forest-tribes
 That roam our western wild.

To me he gave a form
Of fairer, whiter clay ;
But am I, therefore, in his sight
Respected more than they ?
No,—'tis the hue of deeds and thoughts
He traces in his Book,
'*Tis the complexion of the heart*
On which he deigns to look.

Not by the tinted cheek
That fades away so fast,
But by the *color of the soul*,
We shall be judg'd at last..
And God, the Judge, will look at me
With anger in his eyes,
If I, my brother's darker brow
Should ever dare despise.

Birth-Day Verses.

TO A LITTLE GIRL WHO HAD LOST HER MOTHER.

We love the flower that decks the spray,
 And brightens through the summer-day,
 We praise the fruit, whose ripening hue
 Of gold or crimson meets our view ;
 But with delight far more refin'd,
 Behold the fair, expanding mind,
 Whose radiant blossoms charm the eye,
 Whose hallow'd fruits can never die.

An eye there was whose tender beam
 Hung o'er thy being's earliest dream,
 That once upon this rising morn
 Wept tears of joy that thou wert born ;
 And now, perchance, with watchful zeal,
 With such pure love as angels feel,
 Regards thee from that realm of day,
 Where every tear is wip'd away.

Oh, choose the path that Mother trod,
 Belov'd on earth, and blest of God ;

At Pity's call, at Sorrow's sigh,
 Pour forth her heaven-taught sympathy,
 Her image in its grace restore,
 Print on thy brow the smile she wore,
 Bear, as she bore, a Saviour's name,—
 — *What higher wish can Friendship frame?*

Intemperance.

I saw a little girl
 With half uncover'd form,
 And wonder'd why she wander'd thus,
 Amid the winter storm ;
 They said her mother drank
 What took her sense away,
 And so she let her children go
 Hungry and cold all day.

I saw them lead a man
 To prison for his crime,

Where solitude, and punishment,
 And toil divide the time ;
 And as they forc'd him through its gate,
 Unwillingly along,
 They told me 'twas *Intemperance*
 That made him do the wrong.

I saw a woman weep
 As if her heart would break ;
 They said her husband drank too much
 Of what he should not take.
 I saw an unfrequented mound,
 Where weeds and brambles wave ;
 They said no tear had fallen there,
 It was a drunkard's grave.

They said these were not all
 The risks the intemperate run,
 For there was danger lest the soul
 Be evermore undone.

Water is very pure and sweet,
 And beautiful to see,

And since it cannot do us harm,
It is the drink for me.



Entrance to a Sunday-School.

Father in Heaven! my spirit ought
Thy blessing to implore,
Admitted where thy truths are taught,
And pious hearts adore.

Instruct my ignorance, I pray,
My wayward passions tame,
From every folly guard my way,
From every sin reclaim.

Each task with pleasure may I learn,
Each Scripture-lesson prize,
And grant thy wisdom to discern
Whate'er in darkness lies.

Short is the time we here may pass,
 And life is transient too,
 Like the brief flowret of the grass,
 Or like the morning dew.

With trembling awe, thy power I see,
 Thy boundless mercy sing,
 Few words become a child like me
 Before so great a King.

Teach me thy precepts to fulfil,
 To trust a Saviour's love,
 To yield to thy most righteous will
And seek a home above.



“He is about my path,—and about my bed.” Psalm 139th.

When first my infant feet essay'd,
 The movements of my will to aid,
 Parents and friends with watchful eye
 To guard my tottering steps would fly.

But now, 'mid verdant paths I stray,
Or on the clear brook's margin play,
Till the Sun's parting lustres burn—
Go fearless forth and safe return,
For watchful ever by my side,
A father doth my footsteps guide.

When weary on my pillow laid
Mild evening draws her curtaining shade,
And busy dreams, with changeful sway
Bring back the pleasures of the day,
When the last form that linger'd near,
My tender mother, ever dear,
Hath left her kiss, and breath'd her prayer,
And in sweet rest resign'd her care :
Still *One*, whose eye can never sleep,
Around my bed his watch doth keep.

Moses.

There was a king of Egypt, and he made
A cruel law, that every infant son
Born to the Hebrew race, throughout his realm,
Should be destroyed. *Think ! what a cruel law,*
That those sweet, sinless infants should be slain.

—But one fond mother hid her babe away,
So that they might not find him, and she went
Silent, and gave him food ; and when he cried
She softly hush'd him, lest his voice should lead
The murderers to their prey. So he became
Exceeding fair, and health upon his cheek
Gleam'd like an opening rose.

Three months past by,
And his glad eye grew brighter, when he heard
His mother's footstep, though he did not know
Why she would press her finger on her lip
To check his joyous mirth. With bitter pang
She gaz'd upon the beauty of his smile,
And shuddering heard his laughter, for she felt
She could no longer hide him.

So one, morn,

She wrapt him safely in a cradle-ark,
And with a hurried foot-step laid him down
Among the rushes by the river's brink.

—Strangely the wild eye of the wondering babe,
Gaz'd on her from the water,—and his arms
Stretch'd from their reedy prison, sought in vain
To twine about her neck. She turn'd away,
Breathing that prayer, which none but mothers breathe
For their endanger'd babes.

It was the Nile,

On which she laid her son, in his slight ark
Of woven rushes. She remember'd well,
The gaunt and wily crocodile, that loves
To haunt those slimy waters. But she knew
That *He* who made the crocodile could stay
His ravenous jaws. So, in his mighty arm
She put her trust. Close by the river's brink,
Her little mournful daughter staid to see
What would befall her brother, and her voice
Did sweetly struggle with her grief, to sing
The hymn that sooth'd the child.

But then there came

Proud Egypt's princess, with her flowing robes,
 Walking that way. And when she saw the ark
 Among the flags, she bade her maidens haste,
 And bring it to her.

Lo ! there lay a babe,
 A weeping babe :—and when she saw its brow,
 Polish'd and beautiful, all wet with tears,
 And deadly pale, pity and love sprang up
 In her kind bosom, and she took the boy
 To her own palace-home. Yet still he wept,
 Like an affrighted stranger.

Then she bade
 To call a nurse ; and *lo ! the mother came !*
 She, who had sown in tears, did reap in joy.
 —And when she drew her nursling to her breast,
 And fondly lull'd him to a gentle sleep,
 Know ye how warm the thrill of praise went up
 Unto the God of Israel ?

—So, this babe
 Of the poor Hebrew, 'neath the royal dome
 Of Egypt's monarch grew,—in all the lore

Of that wise realm instructed. He became
A prophet, mighty both in word and deed.
And when you read, my children, how he broke
The yoke of bondage from his people's neck,
And smote with awful rod the parting sea,
And brought pure water from the rock, and stood
On Sinai, with Jehovah face to face,
You will bethink you of this simple tale,—
The Ark of rushes, and the Mother's prayer.

The Almighty.

Who bade thy parents love thy infant form,
And shield thy weakness from the wintry storm ?
Who gave the ear to hear, the mind to know,
The eye to sparkle, and the blood to flow ?
Who grants the day of health, the night of rest,
Strength to thy limbs, and comfort in thy breast ?

Who marks with kindest care thy daily lot?
Whose arm sustains thee though thou seest it not?
Whose watchful eye observes thy secret ways?
Who writes the record of thy fleeting days?

Go, ask the stream that rolls in torrents by,
Ask of the stars that light the darken'd sky,
Or of the fields, array'd in garments fair,
Or of the birds that warble in the air.
Or of the mountain-lilies wet with dew,
Or of the trees, and they will tell thee who,—
Then lift thine eyes adoring to his throne,
And bow thy heart to Him, the everlasting One.



“He feedeth the young ravens that cry.”

The new-fledg'd ravens leave the nest,
And with a clamorous cry,
Uncertain wing, and ruffled breast,
In broken circles fly.

Abandon'd by a parent's care,
They famish'd press the sod,
And in the wildness of despair
Demand their meat of God.

By him who feeds the ravenous bird
And guards the sparrow's lot,
Shall our petitions be unheard ?
Our sorrowing sighs forgot ?

Consider how the lilies grow,
The young birds safely rove,
Nor fear in every time of wo
To trust your Maker's love.

A Scripture Story.

Children, I'll tell a story of the sea,
And Him who walk'd upon it.

It was night,
Dark night, and the loud winds howl'd fearfully
Along the madden'd billows. O'er these waves
In all their pride and anger, Jesus came.

—A ship lay tossing there, and the strain'd eyes
Of the storm-driven mariners were bent
On Him with terror, for they did not know
Their Master in that hour.

But at the sound
Of his blest voice that cheer'd their fainting hearts,
Peter, with eager footstep hasted down
To meet his Lord. The wild and boisterous blast
Made him afraid, and the cold surge came up
Against his shuddering breast.

“Save me!”—he cried,
“Save, or I perish.”

Then the Saviour's hand
Was stretch'd to succor him ; even as it plucks
The soul that trusts him from the flood of death,
And gives it victory. Safe on the deck
Among the glad disciples, Peter stood,
Full of adoring gratitude, while all
Gave praise and glory to the Son of God.

—Then Peter learn'd he might not place his foot
Upon the ocean's stormy face and live.

Children, you know the reason. 'T is not given
To man to tread the sea. It riseth up,
And sweeps him like a feeble weed away.

—But *God* doth do, what *man* attempts in vain.
And he who made the sea, can bid its waves
In all the madness of their stormy strength,
Spread a smooth pavement for his feet divine.

Christ blessing the Children.

"And he took them in his arms, put his hands upon them, and blessed them." Mark x. 16.

When the Redeemer dwelt in clay,
The proud, the powerful shunn'd his sway,
The scribe and pharisee with frown
On him of Nazareth look'd down,
And Judah, long with dream elate
Of her Messiah's regal state,
Beheld the homeless one with hate,
And Rome, with haughty mockery ey'd
The Man of grief, the crucified.—
—But they, the innocent, the blest,
In childhood's meekness, sought his breast,
Their little feet without a guide
Came thronging to his peaceful side,
And tho' the cold and stern command
Bade them at greater distance stand,

Yet strengthen'd by his cheering smile,
 They gather'd to his arms the while,
 And 'mid his bosom's holy shade
 Their beauteous heads, confiding laid.

—Children ! even now that heavenly Friend
 Doth to your weakness condescend ;
 Yes, still he marks with favoring smile,
 Your trusting spirits, free from guile,—
 Still, by his gracious Word would guide
 Your steps in safety to his side ;
 Still waits, in tender love to shed
 His blessing on your beauteous head.

—Lambs of the flock ! with all your charms,
 Haste to your glorious Shepherd's arms.



Death of the youngest Child.

“ Why is our infant sister’s eye
 No more with gladness bright ?

Her brow of dimpled beauty, why
 So like the marble white?"
 My little ones, ye need no more
 To hush the sportive tread,
 Or whispering, pass the muffled door,—
Your sweetest one is dead.

In vain you'll seek her joyous tone
 Of tuneful mirth to hear,
 Nor will her suffering, dove-like moan.
 Again distress your ear.
 Lost to a mother's pillowing breast,
 The snow-wreath marks her bed,
 Her polish'd cheek in earth must rest,—
Your sweetest one is dead.

Returning spring, the birds will call
 Their happy task to take ;
 Vales, verdant trees, and streamlets, all
 From winter's sleep shall wake,
 Again your cherished flowers shall bloom
 Anew their fragrance shed ;

But she, the darling, will not come.—

Your sweetest one is dead.

Ye know that blest Redeemer's name
Who gaz'd on childhood's charms,
Indulgent heard its gentle claim,
And clasp'd it in his arms ;
To him, your sister babe hath gone,
Her pains, her tears are o'er,
Safe, near her Heavenly Father's throne,
She bows to death no more.

Funeral Hymn for a Sunday School Scholar.

As crushed by sudden storms the rose
Sinks on the garden's breast,
Down to the grave our brother goes
In earth's cold arms to rest.

No more with us, his tuneful voice
 The hymn of praise shall swell,
 No more his cheerful heart rejoice
 To hear the Sabbath-bell.

Yet if in yon unclouded sphere,
 Amid a blessed throng,
 He warbles to his Saviour's ear
 The everlasting song,—

No more we'll mourn our buried friend,
 But lift the ardent prayer,
 And every wish and effort bend
 To rise and join him there.



*On a Child of two and a half years old, who wiped the tears
 of his Father with his dying hand.*

Pale was the little polish'd brow
 That lately bloomed so fair,

And speechless lay the baby-boy,
 His parents' pride and care.
 The struggle and the fever-pang
 That shook his frame were past,
 And there, with fix'd and wishful glance
 He lay,—to breathe his last.

Upon his sorrowing father's face
 He gazed with dying eye,
 Then raised a cold and feeble hand
 His starting tears to dry.
 And so he wip'd those weeping eyes
 Even with his parting breath ;
 Oh ! tender deed of infant love,
 How beautiful in death !

Yes,—ere that gentle soul forsook
 The fainting, trembling clay,
 It caught the spirit of that world
 Where tears are wip'd away.
 And still its cherish'd image gleams
 Upon the parent's eye,

A guiding-cherub to that home
Where every tear is dry.

Child's Hymn.

ON THE LOSS OF AN INFANT BROTHER.

No more my little brother's voice,
At early morn I hear—
No more his sparkling eyes rejoice
To see our mother near.

They took him where our grandsire slept,
On pillow green and fair,
And laid him in that lowly bed,
And turn'd, and left him there.

But then, his never-dying soul
On glorious wing did soar,
Where pain that made his cheek so pale
Can never vex him more.

He hath a happy cherub's smile,
 He hath a robe of white,
 He gathers ever-blooming flowers,
 Which no cold storm may blight.

'T was sweet to take him in my arms,
 And watch his laughing eyes,
 But he has found more perfect joy
 Above the cloudless skies.

Our blessed grandsire is in Heaven,
 For so my parents said,
 With him my darling brother lives,
O say not, he is dead.

Letter from a Mother to her little Boy.

WRITTEN AT NIAGARA.

My little son, my little son,
 God give his grace to thee,

Though many a weary mile doth stretch,
 Between thy home and me :

And many a forest dark and high
 Is lifted up between,
 Yet still thy form seems near my side,
 Amid each stranger scene :

And fondly seems thy full fair eye
 Upon my brow to gaze ;
 And in my dearest dreams I join
 Thy spirit-stirring plays.

Niagara's glory strikes my view,
 Its awful voice I hear,
 But still thy sweetly murmur'd tone
 Is closer in mine ear.

And thus through every change of time
 Thy mother's love must be,
 My little son, my only one,
 God give his grace to thee.

Good Night.

Father, good night.—You say 't is best
That children go to early rest,
Good night, good night :—may Heaven repay
My parents love to me, this day.
Sisters and brothers,—here's my kiss,—
Sweet sleep be yours and dreams of bliss,
Friends one and all, with smile so bright,
And little baby dear,—good 'night.

Good night, good night, ye stars that keep
Your silent watch, while children sleep,
Sweet birds, that in your quiet nest,
Fold your soft wings to gentle rest,
Fair trees, beneath whose spreading shade
I, with my little mates have play'd,
And flowing brook, and flowrets bright,
And all ye pleasant things, good night.

Mother ! I turn to you the last,
 See, see, your hand in mine is fast,
 Please come with me, and hear me say
 My prayer to Him who gave the day,
 Yes,—see me on my pillow laid,
 And then, in midnight's darkest shade,
 My dreams your tender smile shall wear,
 As if an Angel hover'd there.

The Infant's Prayer.

A very young and lovely child in New-York, was found in prayer by her bed-side, for her little sick cousin. She was not able to say plainly, *Elizabeth*, which was the name of her dear playmate. So her prayer was, "please God, let *Lilly* live."

These two sweet children died within a short time of each other, of the same disease. It was the will of their Father in heaven, that they should live together with him.

The West had shut its gate of gold
 Upon the parted sun,
 And through each window's curtaining fold
 Lamps glimmer'd one by one ;

And many a babe had gone to rest,
 And many a tender mother's breast
 Still lull'd its darling care,
 When in a nursery's quiet bound,
 With fond affections circled round,
 I heard an infant's prayer.

Yes, there it knelt,—its cherub face
 Uprais'd with earnest air ;
 And well devotion's heaven-born grace
 Became a brow so fair ;
 But seldom at our Father's throne
 Such blest and happy child is known
 So painfully to strive ;
 For long with tearful ardor fraught,
 That supplicating lip besought,—
 “Please God, let *Lilly live.*”

And still the imploring voice did flow
 That little couch beside,
 As if for “*poor sick Lilly's*” wo,
 It could not be denied :

Even when the balm of slumber stole
With soothing influence o'er the soul,
 Like moon-light o'er the stream,
The murmuring tone, the sobbing strife,
The broken plea for Lilly's life,
 Mix'd with the infant dream.

So Lilly liv'd.—But not where time
 Is measur'd out by woes ;
Not where cold winter chills the clime,
 Or canker eats the rose ;
And she, who for that darling friend
 In agonizing love did bend
 To pour the simple prayer,—
Safe from the pang, the groan, the dart,
 That wound the mourning parent's heart,
Lives with her Lilly there.

Christmas Hymn.

Bring wreaths, green wreaths, our joyful hands
 Their glowing tints shall twine,
 To celebrate our Saviour's birth,
 The "Children's Friend" divine,
 Who drew them to his favouring arms
 When sterner souls forbade,
 And kindly on his sheltering breast
 Their heads reposing laid.

But He, the babe of Bethlehem slept
 Uncradled and unsought,
 No joyful bands with songs of praise
 Sweet buds and blossoms brought,
 But horned brutes, with heavy tread
 Their manger's guest survey'd,
 And stupid oxen watch'd the bed
 Where Earth's Redeemer laid.

Sister, bring flowers ! the winter-rose
 Shall in our garland bloom

For Him whom weeping Mary sought
 And found an empty tomb ;
 Still in our hearts the plants of love
 A living stream should share,
 Which flowing from his Holy Word
 Shall keep them fresh and fair.



The Last Day in the Year.

Oh Thou, who dwellest in the heavens,
 Whom angels love and fear,
 Who giv'st us in thy tender love
 To close another year,—

Did'st for our many daily wants
 Untiringly provide,
 And grant us friends and parents dear
 Our thoughtless steps to guide,—

When sickness smote our feeble frames,
Did'st take away our pain,
And even when others sought the grave,
Restor'd our health again,—

And bade the lamp of knowledge shine
With radiance full and free,
And sent thy holy Book to shew
The path that leads to Thee,—

Oh ! give us good and grateful hearts
Thy mercy to adore,
And take our spirits, when we die,
Where they can praise thee more.

New Year's Address.

My children, 'tis the New Year's morn,
And many a wish for you is born,

And many a prayer, of spirit true,
Breaks from paternal lips for you.

—No more the vales with daisies glow,
The violet sleeps beneath the snow,
The rose her radiant robes doth fold
And hide her buds from winter's cold.

But Spring, with gentle smile, shall call
Up from their beds, those slumberers all ;
Fresh verdure o'er your path shall swell,
The brook its tuneful story tell,
And graceful flowers with varied bloom
Again your garden's bound perfume. —

— *Ye are our buds* ; and in your breast
The promise of our hope doth rest.

When knowledge like the breath of Spring
Shall wake your minds to blossoming,
May their unfolding germs disclose
More than the fragrance of the rose,
More than the brightness of the stream,
That through green shades, with sparkling gleam
In purity and peace doth glide
On to the ocean's mighty tide.

—The country too, which gave you birth,
 That freest, happiest clime of earth,
 To all, to each, with fervor cries,
“ Child ! for my sake,—be good, be wise.
 Seek knowledge, and with studious pain,
 Resolve her priceless gold to gain.
 Shun the strong cup, whose poisonous tide
 To ruin’s dark abyss doth guide,
 And with the sons of virtue stand,
 The bulwark of your native land.

—Me, would you serve ? This day begin
The fear of God, the dread of sin ;
Love, for instruction’s watchful care,
The patient task, the nightly prayer ;
So shall you glitter as a gem,
Bound in my brightest diadem.”

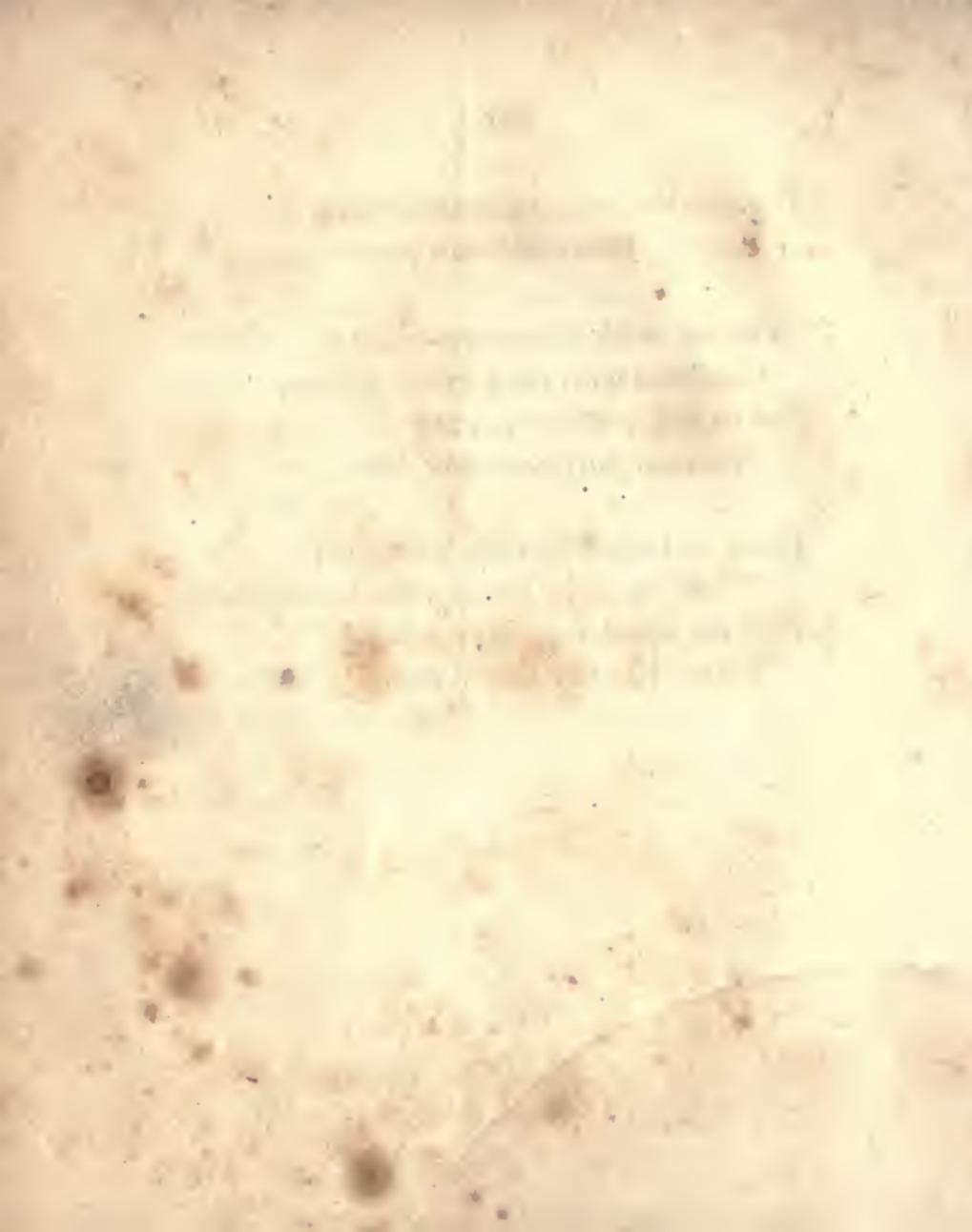
A Prayer.

Giver of our every blessing,
 Thou, for whose unceasing care,

Earth is still her praise addressing,
Hear thy little children's prayer.

Wisdom, with our stature grant us,
Goodness with each growing year,
Nor let folly's wiles enchant us
From our duty's sacred sphere.

Grant us hope when life is ending ;
When the pulse forsakes the breast,
May our spirit, upward tending,
Father ! in thy bosom rest.





2

2

14

二

1

14

10

1

2

1

6

1

1

1

1

1

154

154



